

Norwich Bulletin
and **Graphic**
113 YEARS OLD.

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Norwich, Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1909.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,033 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses. In Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and fifty-five post office districts and forty-one rural free delivery routes.

The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,412
1905, average	5,920
1906, average	6,559
1907, average	7,179
1908, average	7,543
September 18, 1909	7,708

THE JUBILEE BOOK.

The Jubilee Book, containing a complete record of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the town of Norwich, with complete illustrations, containing at least 100,000 words and 60 pages of portraits and scenes of decorated streets and sections of the parade, etc. The Bulletin hopes to have the book ready for delivery early in December. If you have not ordered one, fill out the coupon printed elsewhere and mail to the "Business Manager of The Bulletin, Norwich, Conn."

HONOR VS. DISHONOR.

When angry officials vent spite and poison upon an honest man—when officials, nettled by criticism venture to dishonor a soldier for upright conduct and honest criticism, they find instead themselves in dishonor. Of course, the old idea of a soldier of the ranks was that he had no right to say his soul was his own. Those days are ancient and every soldier of intelligence is today recognized as a captain. Private Walter M. Pickett of New Haven, a bright newspaper correspondent, has been summarily dismissed the service by order of Adj. General Cole, for his sharp criticisms of the conduct of the war game in Massachusetts, in which he was an interested participant. Private Pickett did not try to evade the responsibility, owned up that his opinions as a newspaper man were correctly printed and explained that it was as such he acted as a critic, not as a private soldier. Shoulder-strapped and brass-buttoned rule was not broad enough to comprehend that the two capacities were distinct, and that the newspaper critic had as much right to speak his opinions as the private soldier had to shoot.

So young Mr. Pickett is out of the state service, honored instead of dishonored in the eyes of his contemporaries, expressing no regret and ready to handle a more trenchant pen in the future. He has not retracted or apologized, but stands pat distinctly honored in the eyes of the fraternity.

WHERE WE LACK.

It is not strange that Wu Ting-fang thinks that we Americans could be improved in many ways, for the Americans are not as gentle mannered as the representatives of many alien races. When he returned from his travels in South America, he gave us one of his light raps by remarking: "Politeness is a marked peculiarity of the Peruvians. They are of the Latin races. What I noticed particularly was that they were so polite—something like our own people." None of the company ventured to comment upon his remarks, and Minister Wu broke the silence by remarking: "I did not say Americans were not polite." When it comes to average politeness it is evident enough that the object lesson is not American. Young America laughs at the politeness—which it regards as affectation—of some of the representative races; but there is something pleasant in their polite and cheerful salutations. Minister Wu may have been boldly insinuating, but he was not openly in error.

COMPULSORY CREMATION.

While cremation is recognized as the most sanitary way of disposing of the dead, there is something so abhorrent about it to the average mind that it does not increase in public favor very rapidly; but at the annual convention of cemetery superintendents in a discussion of this question by them it was declared that compulsory cremation is among the possibilities of the near future. It was shown by statistics that the number of cremations in the past ten years had been doubled and the belief is that it will continue to overcome the prejudice which is its greatest check. It is singular that incineration should appear to be so much more dreadful a thing than the burial of the dead in the melting earth. To those who favor cremation it seems that every person ought readily to appreciate the sanitary advantages of it, but inasmuch as they do not, the time when cremation becomes universal depends altogether upon the amount of enlightenment on the subject necessary to overcome a prejudice based upon a tender sentiment.

The oyster is getting into good society just as fast as the weather will permit.

BARRELS BY THE MILLION.

The Wall Street Journal has recently been doing a little remarkable figuring with reference to the business of the Standard Oil company. It finds that the net profits of the Standard Oil company are running at the rate of approximately \$33,000,000 a year. The production of petroleum in the United States in 1908 amounted to 179,572,479 barrels, valued at \$129,708,253. The Standard Oil company, largely as the selling agent, is supposed to control about 80 per cent. of the oil production of the country, so that of the number of barrels produced the company must have handled approximately 143,658,000 barrels. The net profits of the Standard Oil, based upon \$33,000,000 a year, are therefore at the rate of about 58 cents a barrel of American oil produced. The average price per barrel of oil produced in the United States last year was approximately 72 cents. However, the profits of the Standard Oil company also include revenues derived from foreign subsidiaries. The world's production of oil in 1908 aggregated 334,614,000 barrels. Assuming that the Standard Oil company controls 70 per cent. of the world's production of oil, it must have handled last year close to 234,229,800 barrels.

THE DEMOCRACY OF DEATH.

The death of E. H. Harriman called forth from the press many comments upon death as the great leveler, and thus has brought to light once more the splendidly presented thoughts of the late Senator John J. Ingalls upon this subject, when he said: "In the democracy of the dead all men are at last equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions, and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest and the rich man is as poor as the poorest. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil. Here at last is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure and opportunity which makes life so cruel and inexplicable ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Of course, Taft thinks that the tariff bill is the best bill ever, or he would not have signed it.

Miss Elkins appears to realize that an American queen can make the nabobs of Italy come down.

Hog cholera costs the country forty millions a year, and the end-seat hog and some others are immune from it.

Many a family man acts as if he thought his wife put down the doormat for ornament instead of for use.

The man who thinks he owes posterity nothing can make posterity indebted to him if he will just get up and hustle.

It has been decided by the Sons of Rest that the man who does not get his head turned by success must have a stiff neck.

Happy thought for today: All the good people do not die young, for if they did you and I would have been dead long ago!

Down in Georgia a recently prosecuted case shows that one may shoot his mother-in-law for \$20.75. This is a bargain price.

It is not likely that Harry Whitney of New Haven knows that he has become a missing link. What he didn't say should cut no ice.

Dr. Cook did not present the new-found land of thirty thousand square miles to the government. Finding was not having with him.

It is just as well that everybody who wants to be a monopolist can't be, for that would rob monopoly of all its power and distinction.

Prohibition is said to have split Alabama from end to end, but that will not make two separate states of it, if we debar wet and dry.

No one will blame Dr. Cook if he gets a little wrathful when he learns what his little friend and comrade, Peary, has been saying about him.

The character of every neighborhood is a good mark or a bad one on the map of a town or city. Is your neighborhood marking up or down?

The law's delays have been subject to criticism for several hundred years, but if the world would stand pat against the delays of lawyers, a change would result.

Those people who were hankering for a speech from Taft in the west that was perfectly clear have discovered that Taft is a man who delivers the goods every time.

When the Apostle Paul told men to put on "the whole armor," the football players were not born; but they obey the command and would scare crows from a cornfield.

Mrs. Young, superintendent of schools at Chicago, realizes that one woman can cast a gloom over a stag party, and she declined to be that woman when Taft was there.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

As a Big Stick.

President Taft does not know what to do with the pole, but Mr. Roosevelt never would have been puzzled in that way, with so many malefactors of one kind and another clattering up the map hercababouts.—Chicago News.

Took No Chances.

The remains of a gigantic rhinoceros have been unearthed in Oregon. Probably, it headed the exodus from South Africa when the Roosevelt hunting expedition was announced and starved to death in a strange land.—Denver Republican.

The World's Second Childhood. With gum drops winning the north pole and chocolates tempting the Pennsylvania youth to church, there seems to be reason for fearing the world is in its second childhood.—Washington Times.

Where Both Agree.

Fortunately there is an agreement on one point: Both discoverers discovered the pole on the same day of the week—Tuesday.—Providence Tribune.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

THE ROMANCE OF A QUIET STREET

One could hardly designate it a street, but rather a muddy lane darting from the main road without reasonable excuse for doing so, and trailing aimlessly off into a deserted field. A few scattered houses with unlovely gaps between ornamented it on either side, and it was from their presence it eventually gained the dignity of the term—street.

At the farthest end, next to the empty field, that in winter was piled high with neutrally tinted snow and in summer served as a dump heap for the entire neighborhood, lived Janet Douglas.

Janet hated that dreary street. It seemed symbolic of her whole life, which was an existence robbed of all beauty and the twang and effervescence of joyousness, leaving it gray, uneventful.

Years ago, when Malcolm Kent first began calling on her, she had hoped for escape from it and peeped shyly into a future radius of happiness, where she saw reflected her own image crowned with the twin stars of wifehood and motherhood.

But the years had drifted past and in her heart the hardy little flower of hope slowly faded, and only the wholesome awareness of her nature prevented the noxious weed of bitterness from springing to life in its place.

Malcolm still called, apparently satisfied to be counted merely as a friend, and Janet hid the pain of disappointment by hedging herself within the bulwarks of wounded pride, and showing such a bold front of indifference that a braver man than he was needed for an attack.

Tonight as she rocked back and forth in the dusk of the vine-sheltered porch, she could hear the distant rumble of the trolley cars, the faint trilling notes of a hurdy-gurdy, and the old dissatisfied sense of remoteness from the actualities of life, that of late had been dormant, gripped her afresh and filled her with a vague unrest. So

when Malcolm's broad shoulders loomed through the darkness of the street, she was cold from reason of the carefully repressed feeling that lay beneath it.

Malcolm seated himself silently on the steps, the light from the open doorway falling athwart his calm, impassive face and throwing the whole strength of his figure into such sharp relief that it seemed to Janet's wistful gaze to be hewn from granite.

"What could ever move him?" she wondered patiently. "He has never felt as I have, I must be content with his friendship."

Suddenly the silence between them was broken by the unusual sound of horses' feet thudding down the quiet street. Janet, listening expectantly, heard the slam of a cab door and the horses clatter noisily back to the main road.

Two people were rushing headlong toward the house, and as they dashed breathlessly into the circle of light that flooded the porch steps she saw one of them was a young man, whose laughing face was flushed with happy excitement, and who was dragging in tow a pretty, bashful girl.

"Please, may we hide in your porch?" he asked, gayly. "They are after us hot foot in two autos and have chased us all over the city. It occurred to me to drive down this out-of-the-way street and send the cab on to the station without us. You see," he explained with a certain proud embarrassment, "we have just been married."

The little bride blushed furiously and shook the pink confetti from her ruffled gray plume.

Janet watched them apathetically. Never before in the annals of that quiet street had anything so wonderful happened as the advent of this radiant couple, who seemed the embodiment of all she had once dreamed for herself. She caught her breath at the reverent tenderness in the young groom's eyes as he removed the confetti from the bright meshes of his little bride's hair.

At his suggestion Janet led the little

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COMPLETE AND ORIGINAL NEW YORK PRODUCTION
75 People on the stage, 2 carloads of Scenery and Effects and Troop of Cavalry Horses.

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Week of September 20th, 1909

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THURSDAY—Rival Candidates
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THURSDAY—Bells of Richmond
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Pupils in all grades are received.
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bride cautiously up the street to a nearby trolley, where they were joined by Malcolm and the groom, who sneaked around by way of the field.

A car bound for the nearest suburb was safely reached, and after grateful farewells the young couple were whisked away into the night like two brilliant meteors that had flashed for a moment across Janet's dull pathway.

But, as she turned back to her quiet street with Malcolm, she was conscious they had left behind them a subtle trail of influence. The very manner in which Malcolm took her arm proclaimed it, and when he spoke his voice had in it a ring she never before heard there.

"Those young people were very happy," he remarked, as he laid his strong hand over Janet's under cover of the friendly darkness. "There was a time, Janet," he continued earnestly, "when I hoped for just such happiness for you and myself. But when circumstances were in a position to warrant my speaking of it I saw by your manner how useless it would be, and I dared not risk the pleasure your friendship afforded me, so I kept silent. Somehow, the sight of that lad tonight who had plucked enough to try for and win the thing he wanted has given me courage to speak. Have I made a very great mistake by doing so?"

Janet looked timidly up into his eyes and saw in them the same beauty of expression she had seen in the young groom's, and the sight blinded her with its bewildering flash of joy. She hid her face against his arm. But Malcolm understood, and together they walked blithely down the quiet street that of a sudden had become to them a hallowed place, for was it not through this medium that love at last had found them?—Boston Post.

The Boston Store

EXHIBITION DAYS OF Fall and Winter Fashions

Wednesday
and
Thursday,

Twenty-second
and
Twenty-third



On the afore mentioned days a Brilliant Collection of Artistically Designed

Millinery and Wearing Apparel

will be here for your inspection. The thoughts and ideas of the foremost Fashion authorities in America and Europe are represented in this exhibition.



This Announcement will please be accepted as a Formal Invitation to our Opening, as cards will not be issued.

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